

STREET EXPOSITION.

Oriental Midway, Industrial and Carnival Parades.

To Be Held in the Heart of the Business District of Kansas City, "U. S. A." Under the Management of the Karnaval Krewe, Sept. 18th to Oct. 7th.

The Street Exposition.

Plans are now under way for the most novel and unique exhibition ever held in Kansas City, and the Krewe ask the hearty co-operation of the citizens of the greatest city of the west and vicinity in making it a grand success. Everything will be absolutely new, and it is the intention to include only the very best exhibits in the various lines of business and industrial art, and to show in a city within a city the progress and advancement of Kansas City as a commercial center. Also the products of farm and orchard in the tributary country.

The Purpose of This Exposition.

It is designed to get up a great home products exhibit, a merchants' exhibit, a manufacturers' exhibit, covering all the multifarious industries of Kansas City and many from distant cities. It will be the purpose to exclude all foreign exhibits which, in any way, conflict with similar exhibits of home merchants and manufacturers. It is designed also to have a large and popular display of farm products, prizes being offered to induce a liberal response in this direction by our farmer friends. A farming implement show is also being discussed as a prominent feature. A woman's building, or department for the display of art, fancy needle work, fancy work of every kind, kindergarten exhibits, etc., is also to be a part of this enterprise. As the work progresses many other important exhibits, not yet thought of, will be added.

The Site.

The street fair and carnival will be held in some centrally located street or streets of the city to be set aside for this purpose. It will be easy of access from all portions of the city, and from the various street car lines.

Railroad Excursions.

Arrangements are under way for special excursions on all the railroads entering the city during the carnival season, and it is believed that thousands of people from the surrounding country will take advantage of the low fares to visit the city and attend the exposition.

The Midway Feature.

The world's fair had its Midway, which was made famous throughout the world on account of the exhibition of Oriental people and an exemplification of their customs. Kansas City will have similar novel features connected with its great street exposition, which will include Japanese theater, Oriental theater, a trained wild animal show, a Moorish or Persian theater, an American theater, wherein will be seen the people from our new possessions, Cubans, Porto Ricans, and Filipinos, a congress of national dancing girls, a street of India with genuine Indian magicians, fakirs, twirling dancers, and native buff, trained elephants and camels on which the visitors may ride, sacred donkeys, burros and ponies, and a German village. These are only some of the features, and many others will be procured which will prove equally entertaining and instructive.

The Trades Display.

The entrances to the street exposition and midway will be arranged so that all visitors must pass through the fair proper in order to reach the midway, and they will be given the opportunity to stop at any of the exhibits by the merchants of Kansas City and others. Attention will be given to this portion of the exposition, interesting to all as a business section will be.

Women's Leghose.

Women's leghose, covered, roofed and sided up, of the dimensions of eight (8) feet deep, eight (8) feet high at back and twelve (12) feet high in front, will be provided for the exhibits. These booths will be built continuously, joined together, with backs against curbing and fronting center of street. The street will be asphalt paved and as clean as a floor, making the promenade for visitors between the fronting booths. The street will be entirely enclosed with these booths for the entire length necessary to accommodate the exhibits. One or more grand entrances or gateways will be provided for ingress and egress of visitors. The rental for these booths for the entire time of the exposition, which will be ten days, will be \$5 per front foot. The exposition will open at 11 o'clock each afternoon and close at 11 o'clock at night, thus giving all the forenoon of each day for visitors to do shopping at the stores and exhibitors to clean up and rearrange their displays. The street will be lighted by electricity in the evening when the exposition will be open, and this will give our merchants and manufacturers a fine chance to show their wares and products.

Carnival and Industrial Trade Parades.

It is intended to give a grand industrial trades parade by the merchants and manufacturers on the morning of the opening of the exposition, and the Krewe also promises the finest and best carnival parade of its history, to be given near the close of the exposition. The Krewe expects to give band concerts afternoon and evening, and such other features as will tend to the elevation and amusement of the general public. It will be a gala time from start to finish, such a celebration as was never before seen in a western city.

Any and all communications asking for space for exhibits or about any matters pertaining to this great street exposition should be addressed to:

JOHN F. EATON,
President Karnaval Krewe, Kansas City, Mo.

Sage of Sawhaw Says.

Coming men are usually those who have their incomes.
Never ask for the pedigree of a gift horse.
True blue shouldn't be so foolish as to turn green with envy.
Men generally have more respect for money orders than any other.
The best policy with strange friends is to have them estranged.
When a man is fleeced by a crook he remembers the pastoral implement for catching lambs, but can't consider the performance appropriate. — Chicago Democrat



CLARENCE HERBERT NEW.
(Copyright, 1914, by J. B. Lippincott Co.)

CHAPTER VII.

Next morning the result of Padre Sebastiano's discussion with the two mates was apparent, for Diaz came to the captain and broached the subject of heading for Santa Rosa. Halstead demurred a little at first—said the change of course would make him late, as it was, etc.—but finally admitted that it would take only a few hours more, and said that he had no objections. This was Thursday. I spent the afternoon and most of Friday with Senorita Gracia, liking her better the more I saw of her. I was pretty sure that Halstead had a little the advantage of me in her regard, but she never showed it while we were together. In fact, as the time drew near when I was to leave the steamer, she seemed disposed, by unmistakable evidences of liking for me, to produce an impression that neither years nor absence could efface; and she certainly succeeded. When I said good night at the door of her stateroom, Friday evening, I wondered a little what the result would be should I throw up the enterprise and remain on board. But the captain was poring over the chart again when I reached my quarters, and one glance at his face was sufficient to banish all indecision. On my part, the affair had been, so far, merely speculative; there had been no opportunity for action. Halstead, on the other hand, was now fully committed. He and McPherson had taken a definite step which there was no retreating—which might cost them their positions whether we were successful or not—and, while he had certainly gone into the affair with the hope of bettering his condition, I knew that but for my persistence he wouldn't have attempted it. He looked up as I came in, and motioned me to close the door. Six bells had just struck, and all the passengers were below, so we were not likely to be disturbed. He asked me where I had seen the padre last.

"In the saloon, drinking rum and water. Why?"

"You haven't noticed him around the after deck this evening, have you?"

"No, not once."

"I've had a patent log towing astern since eight bells, and I'm in hopes that no one has seen it. Here's where we were at noon" (pointing to a penciled cross on the chart), "and we've been running twelve knots ever since. Now, finding that the Santa Rosa is about twelve-thirty north, by a hundred and forty-four, fifteen east. And it is laid down here a mile or two each side of that. The wind has been so light that we won't have to figure much on leeway, and we're held her right on the point of east, quarter north, all day; so that she ought to make the shoal some time in the morning watch, say, six bells, or before. Diaz figured, this afternoon, that his watch would be on deck before we struck the position, and told the padre it would be around breakfast time. If no one sees that log, he isn't likely to change his mind. Now, if by any lucky chance we do find bottom there, I'll want your assistance; and you'll have to keep your wits about you. Watch my actions closely. When I order the quartermaster to steer for Guajan, go below as quickly as you can and make your way aft, on the lower deck, to cable lockers at the stern. Take the new log, in this box here, and pay it out through the bitt port, say about 30 fathoms, being mighty careful you don't foul the screw with it. You'll find a cross-brace of angle iron, down there, that Mac fixed at the stern to fasten the register on. It's a taffrail log—not like that one I've got astern now; you've got to haul that one in to read it. I ain't likely that anyone'll notice the line, but you'll have to haul it in when we get abreast of Cores reef, so the men won't notice it when they go below to clear away the cable at Apra."

Before turning in, he took the log from its box and showed me exactly how it worked, making me repeat the instructions until he felt sure I wouldn't botch the experiment. In fact, my mind was so full of it all that I slept badly, and dreamed before sunrise. Halstead was as anxious as myself, but he had his nerves under perfect control and reserved his energies until they were needed. Diaz, though confident we would not reach the reef before breakfast, had turned out at five bells and was searching the horizon with his glass, on the bridge, Moreno taking an occasional squint also. At about half-past six the captain sang out to him:

"Guess you'd better let one of the quartermasters get the lead ready, Moreno."

"Si, senor. Do you think we are near the position?"

"Very close to it, now. Mr. McPherson says we've been making 12 knots through the night. Just figure it up, will you, Diaz, and see what you make it."

"Si, senor." Diaz disappeared in the wheelhouse, but came out again presently, exclaiming: "Por Dios, capitano, we are within three miles at this moment!"

"That's what I thought. Get your leadman out there right away, Moreno. You'd better try a 'dipsey' line at first, and see if you can strike anything at hundred fathoms. Be all ready when I give the word."

In less than five minutes the leadman was on his grating, outside the starboard rail, with a 75-pound lead and 200 fathoms of line. Halstead stood by the engine-room telephone, watch in hand, and Diaz was perched in the fore rigging, where he could watch the sounding. In about ten minutes the captain shoved the lever over to the signals, "Stop"—"Half speed astern"—"Stop." And when the foam from the screw was abreast of us, he sang out:

"Let her go."

There was a big splash, and the lead disappeared, whipping coil after coil of the line after it from the reel on the taffrail. Fifty fathoms, 100, 200, 300, and no bottom. Slowly the two men at the reel hauled in the line, and the captain signalled: "Half speed ahead." About a mile further he stopped and tried it again, but with the same result. Then he steered, successively, due south

for three miles, and north, six, taking soundings at each limit. At eight bells Padre Sebastiano came on deck and became so absorbed in the proceedings that he actually forgot his breakfast. Each time the lead was hauled up he would examine the tallow at the lower end to make sure that no sand or coral fragments were embedded in it, and as sounding after sounding proved unsuccessful at the full 300-fathom depth, he couldn't keep the disappointment from showing in his face. Finally the captain told him that further search was useless, and when the steamer was headed for Guajan he went below.

Halstead treated the matter as if it possessed but little interest for him, yet when he glanced at me I could see that he was thoroughly discouraged. The engines had just started at full speed ahead, and we were preparing to go below for breakfast, when I noticed a little bunch of cumulus cloud a few miles to the southeastward, and called his attention to them.

"Well, what about them?" he said.

"They're just ordinary clouds, aren't they?"

"That's all, but I was thinking of what Maury says about atmospheric condensation in the neighborhood of all these coral islands, even the lowest atoll having a tendency to collect vapor over it at times. Now, whether a few fathoms of water over a reef would absolutely prevent such condensation or not, I don't know. I should say the chances were that it would; but, well, the atmosphere does queer things sometimes. What do you think?"

Halstead watched the bunch of cloud for a second or two, noticed that there was nothing else of the kind in that direction, and then ordered the man at the wheel to head southeast. I saw that he considered the search hopeless, but he was determined to leave no chance untried. Diaz had gone down into the fore-hold with some of his men, to overhaul the last cases for Agana and Moreno was below at breakfast; so that no one but the helmsman noticed our again heading about, and he was dreaming of Visaya girls in Manila too deeply to do more than obey orders in a purely mechanical way.

It took less than half an hour to reach the position. Then Halstead himself climbed out upon the sounding perch with a hand lead and 30 fathoms of line. He had stationed me at the telephone on the bridge, hastily arranging a series of signals, and after watching the water's surface closely for awhile, waved his hand for "half speed."

In about two minutes I saw him swing the lead forward, paying out the line rapidly as it tautened under his feet. Five minutes more he cast it, hauling in the entire length after each one, then signalled: "Full speed, ahead." After which, mounting the bridge, he ordered the helmsman to

put her about and steer north by east, quarter east. I noticed great beads of perspiration upon his forehead, and was wondering if heaving a lead were really violent exercise, when, beckoning me to the end of the bridge as if to point out the position of Guajan, he whispered:

"Get below, quick, and pay out that patent log; I took the box with myself at four bells. Then eat your breakfast as if nothing had happened, and chat with the senorita for awhile, but be back here by six bells at the latest; we've got a heap to talk about."

The change in feeling from despondency to wild groundless hope almost made me lose my head, especially as I saw that we now had the game largely in our own hands. I watched my opportunity, and was paying out the log line astern, through the bitt port, in about ten minutes. Then I spent a good half hour over my meal, discussing the log with the padre, who remained in my company, the probability of Santa Rosa reef having sunk to the bottom, but advising him not to state this as a fact in his forthcoming book until he had persuaded the government to make a more exhaustive search with one of the cruisers. Then, after a delightful tete-a-tete with the senorita, I returned to Halstead, whom I found removing the fastenings from a large bundle which one of the men had just brought up from the lazaret. There was also a sea chest, marked with my name, upon one of the transoms. He nodded toward this and said:

"I suppose you don't remember bringing that on board, do you?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I don't. And I think I was pretty sober, too. Where did I get it? What's inside?"

"Nothing at present. This diving suit is going in if I can make it. Now draw the curtains and strip to your shirt and drawers."

"What for?"

"To try the thing on, of course. Hustle, now; we'll be in by two o'clock. I've read the directions over until I know them by heart, but I want you to be boxed up in it once while I'm by to help you. It's pretty risky business, no matter how often a man does it, and I don't want your death on my hands. You see, it will be simply out of the question to depend upon a pumper above water—you can't trust anyone—and it's going to take all the nerve you've got to go down under."

I put the suit on piece by piece, obeying the printed instructions to the letter and fastening every clasp myself; for I knew assistance would be unobtainable when I came to actually use it. The screws at the back of the helmet collar were the most difficult to tighten, but I finally adjusted them to even Halstead's satisfaction. For-

tunately, I had not screwed on the front lens of the helmet until the last, else I think I should have been suffocated before the compressed air in the reservoir began to work. The sickening nervousness I felt at being shut up in such a rig made me dread the attempt to go under water with it, but the captain assured me that, having had the thing on, it wouldn't trouble me as much next time. Then we packed it carefully away in the chest, together with several dynamite cartridges, two light but powerful steel bars, a couple of strong hatchets, and some saws and knives.

From another locker Halstead took a square mahogany box, covered with rubber and having a lens in one side. It looked something like a kodak, but proved to be a powerful reflecting light, the electricity for which was supplied by a chemical cartridge that lasted six hours and produced a brilliant illumination. He said he had used it when mate of an oil tank running to Batoum, the insurance regulations prohibiting anything in the shape of an open lantern on board. A small but reliable compass, 1,000 feet of half-inch braided linen line, a spare sextant, the taffrail log then towing astern, and a chart of the two archipelagos, completed the equipment. The chart we spread upon the table, but the other articles were securely locked in the chest. Then we sat down to figure the exact position of the reef.

"To begin with," said the captain, "we took that first sounding as squarely as that charted position as it would be possible for a ship to strike it. I got the sun at six bells in the forenoon watch and calculated backwards, so I'm dead sure of it. Then, under half speed, we made just about a mile further east; those two soundings I've marked with crosses as you see. After that, three miles due south to this other cross, and six miles due north to this one. No bottom anywhere at 200 fathoms. While you were telling me about those clouds, we made about half a mile those we turned; then, as closely as I can figure it, just about six miles to where I took that first cast. Well, you know how much water she's drawing, don't you?"

"Fifteen feet?"

"Sixteen and a half; and the lead struck rock at an even three fathoms, first heave! I saw the line jerk as you sunk, and what we knew about the reef everyone would know. Sebastiano would have sufficient data to chase you down there the first time you started. But I remembered that Bampier and the other old navigators who found the place gave an average depth of four fathoms. The galleon that struck in avoiding Dampier's ships was undoubtedly loaded down to her channel plates, and probably hit an isolated spot. So there seemed to me an even chance of steaming across the ledge in safety and without giving the snap away. On the other hand, if we struck, there would be an end of my business prospects for a good many years to come. It was a tighter spot than I ever care to be in again, but inside of two minutes I decided to risk it. At the second cast I got 'quarter bottom at four'; five minutes after, I struck bottom at 'half three'; then 'deep four'; and at the last heave the callio was just above the water when she touched."

"But, how the devil! I'll swear I saw you pulling up the whole length of line each time."

"Well, rather! You didn't suppose I was fool enough to give away what I was getting, did you? When a man's been chucking lead for 15 odd years it don't take more'n a fraction of a second to tell when he strikes bottom. No, I let the slack fall when the lead was under me, and we had way enough to carry it well astern. If anyone had been watching closely, of course, I couldn't have done it; but, as it was, it worked to a charm, and I don't believe another soul on board suspects there's a bit of rock within 2,000 feet of the surface. Now, I was heaving upwards of 20 minutes from first to last. At half speed that would be about two miles, wouldn't it? Well, this little star shows just where I struck it, and the other two would be a mile apart; so that we have the reef stretching from north-norwest to south-southeast. Then, from the glassy look of the water, I'm positive that it takes a curve to the south-west for a good four miles further. The actual position of that three-fathom sounding is twelve thirty-three north by hundred and forty-four, twenty-two east—a good eight knots east of the Findlay and Imray approximates. And the true bearing from Point Orote, Harry, is the exact opposite of our present course; in other words, south by west, quarter west, or exactly 14 degrees west of south. The magnetic variation this year is one degree and 30 minutes east; so in shaping your course from Orote it should be 15 degrees 30 minutes to the westward of south. As for leeway, running down, the no'theas'trad'll be within a few points of dead astern, so you won't have to make much allowance; and, once at the reef, it'll be easy enough beating back, because you can see the island 20 miles away at least. When we get abreast of Cores you can pull up your log, and I'll give you the exact number of miles on the line to number a fraction; from Cores to Orote the chart distances are near enough, because you've got land bearings."

"Then, if it should be impossible to get at old Fray Ignacio's document, we can practically do without it?"

"You can certainly find the reef in anything like fair weather, but you won't want to travel any further under water looking for the wreck than you are obliged to. I wouldn't, anyhow."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Chinese Cities Dark at Night.

Tientsin and other Chinese cities have no lights at night except such as come from private houses.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Queen Henriette of Belgium takes a daily drive of ten miles.

Admiral Dewey says the first bit of fiction he ever read was "Robinson Crusoe."

Salt herring is Paul Kruger's favorite delicacy. He eats it at least once each day.

The mayor of Hays City, Kan., is only 22 years old, the president of the council is 22 and the oldest man in the municipal government is 25.

R. W. Chambers, when not writing books, gives his time to many fads. He collects butterflies, designs uniforms and keeps up his painting.

Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, besides writing most of the editorials in the Concord Monitor, reads a good deal of copy, and makes up the paper on his managing editor's day off.

Mrs. Charles Havemeyer, wife of the sugar magnate, is, in feature for feature, an exact counterpart of the beautiful duchess of Portland, and Lady Curzon, vicereine of India, is the double of the empress of Russia.

The convicts of Sing Sing, N. Y., have started, under the warden's supervision, a bi-weekly journal, the Star of Hope. But there is said to be only one newspaper man among the many hundred prisoners there.

Rev. Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, the new president of Brown university, is an "all-round man" rather than a specialist, his characteristics being more literary than scientific. Dr. Faunce is only 41 years old, but already has a splendidly selected library of nearly 6,000 volumes.

AUTOMATIC COUPLERS.

The first invention, its inventor and others were overwhelmed in ruin.

The idea of a self-locking coupler suggested itself to inventors many years ago, and away back in 1856 or thereabouts a prosperous Kentucky farmer named McLean figured out a device that seemed to fill the bill to a dot. It consisted of a pair of interlocking levers, controlled by a very simple mechanism, and the model worked like a charm. McLean was satisfied he had a fortune in sight, and went north to interview a certain big railroad magnate. To his surprise the magnate failed to enthuse, and while he admitted that the invention was a good thing, he declined absolutely to have anything to do with it. Of course, he was proceeding on the well-known theory that it is folly to waste money improving the service when you don't have to, but the farmer couldn't grasp the idea, and as he began a pilgrimage from one headquarters office to another, appealing, explaining and explaining the merits of his apparatus. What bewildered him was that everybody freely admitted the utility of the thing, but nobody would consider its adoption. Finally the war came on, and everything else was swept into the background for four years. After peace was declared McLean began again, confident as ever. He had been worth \$50,000 or \$60,000 when he started, and he eventually reduced himself to penury. Everything went into the mass of the invention, and along about 1865 he died, a broken-hearted brother. The coupler patent then passed into the hands of a cousin, who was a merchant in Louisville. When he studied the device he became an enthusiast and began a new campaign where McLean left off. To make a long story short, he sunk everything he had on earth in an effort to get it adopted, and finally committed suicide. His lawyer took the coupler for back fees and inherited the hoodoo. In a little while he was devoting his entire time and attention to the work of promoting, and seemed continually on the verge of reaping a big fortune. He kept at it until his health and resources came to an end together, and the last heard of him he was working as a clerk in Los Angeles. Meanwhile the coupler had been outclassed by new devices, and only a few months ago the old model was in a Chicago railway office, where it had been left as a curiosity. Strange, isn't it, that a really valuable and useful invention should have wrecked so many lives?—N. O. Times-Democrat.

The Brakeman and the Drummer.

The brakeman opened the door with a bang; then he opened his mouth, and this is what the passengers heard:

"Aw wow wuh ugh!"

"I beg your pardon," said the fat drummer, timidly, "but would you mind repeating that? I didn't quite catch it. Very stupid of me, of course, but the fact is I was thinking of something else."

The brakeman glared at the drummer for a moment, and then roared out again:

"Aw wow wuh ugh!"

"Thank you," said the drummer. "I was not quite sure the first time whether you said 'Aw wow wuh ugh' or 'Um rah rah whoop!' Now I understand you perfectly."—N. Y. Journal.

MA GETS PA'S ADVICE.

But When She Gets It She Goes And Does the Other Thing.

Nite Before Last when paw Come Home maw says to Him:

"Waw, I got suthin I want you to Tell me."

"Well, paw says: 'Spel away, I don't Spose they are anything I Can't tell You all about.'"

"Two girls wants to work Here," maw Says, "and I want you'd Tell me which one to Hire. One's a Swede gurl and one's a Ningshig gurl. Which one would you take?"

"How Do I no," says paw, "When I ain't seen them. You ot to no which is the Best."

"Tay Seen about the Name," maw says.

"Well spoken we Flip a Penny," says paw.

"Tales fer the Swede gurl and Heds fer the other one."

"No," maw says, "I think that's Disgratful. You got to Tell me which you'd Take."

"So purty soon Tay Come Back and paw He Looked through the chink from Behind the Door at Them while Tay was Talkin to maw, and when maw came in paw says:

"I gess you Better take the English gurl."

Last nite paw Come Home Purty Tired and when we Got Set Down at the Table maw rung the Bell and in come the Swede gurl.

Paw He looks at Her a minit and when she went out He Says to Maw:

"I Bet I no what you'd Do if I Told you to Go and Jus'n in the Lake."

"What?" maw ast.

"You'd go away some Whair and Climb a Tree," paw says, and then He med's a Swig at a Fly what was Huzzen around and rocked over the vinagar Botel. It was a Sad Site.—George, in Chicago Times-Herald.

A Dash of Gayety.

The domestic maid feared the people who waited along the way to the seaside.

"See how they stare at me!" he cried, agonizingly.

"That's the what you might call rubbing it in!" observed the executioner, playfully, deeming it not amiss to inject an element of gayety into this otherwise somber affair.—Detroit Journal.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes.

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores. 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A Clean Record.

"I wouldn't associate with her. Why, one of her ancestors was a charwoman."

"Well, then, she's sure that one of them, at least, had a clean record."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Best Prescription for Chills.

And Fever is a bottle of Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price, 50c.

Getting married is a good deal like coasting down hill in winter; a good deal of preparation is necessary, and it is soon over.—Atchison Globe.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

It is humiliating to reflect that bad teeth are responsible for more misery than almost anything else.—Detroit Journal.

Pope Says.

"The mind's the measure of the man. Perhaps that is why some men are so hard to find.—Ram's Horn.

Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price, 75c.

It's a cold day when the palm-leaf fan gets left.—Chicago Evening News.

LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM No. 75,465.

"I was a sufferer from female weakness. Every month regularly as the menses came, I suffered dreadful pains in uterus, ovaries were affected and had leucorrhoea. I had my children very fast and it left me very weak. A year ago I was taken with flooding and almost died. The doctor even gave me up and wonders how I ever lived."

"I wrote for Mrs. Pinkham's advice at Lynn, Mass., and took her medicine and began to get well. I took several bottles of the Compound and used the Sanative Wash, and can truly say that I am cured. You would hardly know me, I am feeling and looking so well. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me what I am."—Mrs. J. F. STRETCH, 461 MECHANIC ST., CAMDEN, N. J.

How Mrs. Brown Was Helped.

"I must tell you that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done more for me than any doctor."

"I was troubled with irregular menstruation. Last summer I began the use of your Vegetable Compound, and after taking two bottles, I have been regular every month since. I recommend your medicine to all."—Mrs. MAGGIE A. BROWN, WEST Pt. PLEASANT, N. J.

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